

REVUE DE LA VILLE

and a woman not one of whom had any foundation of principle, not the slightest discipline to chasten their desires; where beauty, genius and unearned wealth all played their parts, and having no grounding of character to steady them, have by their performances caused a sinister panorama to pass before the eyes of men, and worse yet, the eyes of young girls, for years. Let us hope that the scene has finally closed.

Jas. S. Paterson

TEN weeks ago this city was startled and grieved to hear that Jas. S. Paterson had been stricken by paralysis.

For many years he had been one of the most alert business men of the city and all the time had kept his heart growing in warmth and tenderness which had drawn to him a multitude of devoted friends.

For a long time he lay in the shadows and when he rallied a little, his right side remained irresponsive. When the warm weather came he was removed to where the breezes from the hills come down to meet those that come up from the lake on the roof of the Hotel Utah, but all the time his affliction caused him, like a homesick child, to want to get back to his old home in Evanston, Illinois, and finally his partner, Mr. Strevell, arranged to have him gently sent there. Before leaving he begged Mr. Strevell to have it explained in some way that he could not thank all the friends who showed their sympathy and love for him since his affliction came, but that he holds them all in his heart.

He has reached his old home safely and a little improved in strength, and the lower altitude there is greatly relieving the asthma which has long troubled him.

The hope is universal that despite his desperate condition, he may still rally, climb out of the shadows that have darkened his generous life and be his own self again.

Mr. Bryan's successive statements make it increasingly evident that he resigned in a fit of personal admiration for Mr. Wilson.—New York Evening Post.

Albert Salzbrenner, the portrait painter, and Thomas Kearns met at the mahogany in Charlie Bates' the other afternoon, and were deep in their lemonades and a discussion of the unpleasantness in Europe when Arthur J. Brown, editor of the Herald-Republican, entered and ordered his gingerale.

Salzbrenner espied Brown, and probably not being aware that the Senator and the editor were not particularly chummy, insisted upon introducing them. The introduction, and the look of the two as they shook hands, was a sight for the gods. But that was not all. With his well-known spirit of hospitality asserting itself, the artist insisted that they all have a drink, which they did after a rumble of protests which sounded like the supers in the mob in the wings when Antony is pulling the Bryan thing over Caesar.

And when the libation was ready, the Senator looked toward the back of the house as he lifted his glass, and the editor looked right straight in the glass, while the artist did the talking for all.

As they slid away from one another out in the open, I heard them saying something like this: "The G———!!!"

Not the least conspicuous thing in the parade in honor of the arrival of the Liberty bell on Sunday was the large banner borne in the procession which announced in flaring letters that there would be a band concert at the Lagoon, and that the price of admission would be 25 cents. What a time and place to choose for the exploitation of the melody which reverberates through Davis county Sunday afternoons.

It was in the worst of bad taste, in complete disregard of the significance of the sacred relic, but the wonder is that the enterprising company did not paint the sign on the bell itself.

The dallies are doing some clever advertising for Saltair—much better in fact than those who were stung there on the Fourth with wet bathing suits, one wet towel, and such other little con-

veniences as the management usually has its big crowds wait in line for.

There is a clause in the federal law making it compulsory for newspapers to print the word "advertisement" following any editorial or supposed news matter published for which pay is received, and while this was done with the Saltair business at first, the papers have latterly become lax and the pictures and yarns that go with them run just as if the papers were contributing the space free of charge.

Can it be that Joe Nelson has threatened a boycott unless such things are run his way? That is one of his specialties—calling up firms and threatening a withdrawal of his trade if they patronize a newspaper of which he does not approve.

If some will explain just what the city commission with the assistance of City Attorney Dinny, Assistant City Attorney Folland, and Volunteer Mathonihah Thomas are trying to accomplish by this farcical investigation of the police department, it will be welcomed by the citizens.

The only good that may come of it might possibly be the calling of a grand jury, but whatever the decision in the matter may be, the public knows considerably more about the police department than it did before, and hardly wonders that Mayor Park skulked away when the investigation began. If it was broached to provide campaign material, it has, but in the other direction, and the election is only a few weeks off. There is seldom anything accomplished by such an investigation.

Heber M. Wells is mayor pro tem during the absence of Mr. Park. On motion of Mr. Sherman, following his selection, Commission Richard P. Morris was given charge of the department of public safety during the absence of the mayor. When the mayor returns and takes his place, will he still be commissioner of public safety, or will Mr. Morris hold it in view of his appointment by the present mayor? It might be interesting to know. Not that it would make any change in the police department whatever, for Morris who is really the mayor, is strong for the present de-

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